

told *Æsop* he was welcome to make use of his garden when he pleased.

*Xanthus* did not live in the most comfortable manner with his wife, and an accident happened soon after *Æsop* came to him that occasioned a quarrel, which was carried so far on the lady's part, that she packed up her apparel, left her husband, and retired to her relations; and no persuasions and intreaties could induce her to return.

*Æsop*, perceiving his master was much disturbed at her obstinacy, endeavoured to comfort him, and told him he had a project that would bring his mistress back again, with as much speed as she went away. The master approved of the scheme, and away *Æsop* hies to the poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c. for the best of every thing that was in season, and told wherever he came that his master's wife having run away from him he had married another, and this was for a wedding entertainment. This news, which flew like lightning, soon reached the ears of the run-away lady, who was so affected at it that away she posts back to her husband with outrageous looks, rings a peal in his ears, and having

ing swap'd down in a chair, and fann'd herself into a little better temper; No, *Xanthus*, said she, you are mistaken, do not flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying any other woman while I am alive, no, I won't endure it. *Xanthus*, who was well pleased to have his wife again, sat all this time like a philosopher, but when the storm was blown over, he told her it was *Æsop*'s scheme, at which she was not less pleased than her husband.

*Xanthus*, determined to give a feast upon the reconciliation, invited all his friends, and ordered *Æsop* to procure the best provisions he could for their entertainment. The company being seated, the first service that entered was neats tongues sliced, of which the philosopher took occasion to discourse and quibble in a formal serious way. As that the tongue was the oracle of wisdom, and the like. Upon this, *Xanthus* called for the second course, then for the third, and then for the fourth, but all were tongues differently dressed. Upon this he fell into a most outrageous passion with *Æsop*: Thou villain, says he, is this obeying my orders, to bring us nothing but tongues upon tongues? Sir, says *Æsop*, you

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